There on the Tecumseh

By Robert C. V. Meyers.

ISS MARTHA, glancing up from her sewing, noticed the boat hand. The sight of him added a new light to her face. He reminded her of the cause that brought the big Tecumseh to the moss-

orrow was the day of the church

had been characteristic of the Rev. Mr Mast to propose such a picnic. Usualto the grove a couple of nd strewed the ground with the day wondered where the pleasure came in and complained of the flies. But day on the water beyond the ou possessed any imagination at all, that ch had been mere words to you arked only to take the same stuffy car ool, practical. It was like his ! mere dissertations upon drivel for the sentimental alts at personal responsibility and your here a little pink color crept into Miss Martha's thin cheek), out there in the of water and sky it would de then and there. She had known it meeting regarding the picnic, looked deepexpected it any time for a month

rmoon of her life she would place her-Her eyes on the boat hand, her mind reached out in thorough understanding of Mr. Mast and how gradually he had her life. They were both too sensible whole life of the other. He had passed brough his share of youth's perturba ons, and she had had her share of early he present, seemed very useless and un Quiet and middle-aged, the work of the church of signal importance,

As the boat hand continued his oncom-Miss Martha hoped he was not going Raff's tayern. She had always heard amen drank and a boatman was boat that took out the congregation.

Now she could hear the crunching of Leen mindful of the ruts on the way to the wharf and the possible danger when the people should come in at night in the

He had stopped to explain this only yesterday and had warmly expressed himself that the wharf had been deserted years simply because the railroad went to a wharf a couple of miles down

She watched the hoat hand, idly prick-

Was he going to Raff's? But no: he road, and looked toward her house. the gate he paused, a tall, bent man

with the tan of sun and weather on his bearded face. His hand was on the gate, when he seemed to hesitate. Miss Marnoted what a brawny hand it wasnot like the hand of Mr. Mast that gh firm and strong as steel, was Then he reached over the gate and un-

binner, but the same neat Matty. rtha rose irresolutely. bun Borland" she stammered

aughed, pushing his hat to the back

You see. I am on that boat, the ind to look you up. They told me was the first house I'd come to, but primness. Then I knew there

Martha was regaining her comofter the confusion of recognition know.

his forehead, where the beads |

me at the old place years ago, about our not changing," she retorted, at was to come, it all flash-My, it is warm! his two hands on the sili, and,

eringed. How often she sed that movement of stealth ed to be," he said. rgy's father's consent.

Ve got all the old furniture?" believe that's the very awers we used to hide the a we heard you aunt coming!" warmth rushed over Miss Marance of the old duplicity. her. went on, "there's the ching jar mandarins where you used to put

use leaves you got from the gar-You used to gather them in the wonder if there are any leaves

He went to the jar and removed the lid

"Everything is the same," he said. "We age very little in this world, don't we.

"A change is not always for the worse or some people."
"I don't think we alter much," he said.

and one side of a character is more often like the other side than most people will admit. We are as nature makes us, I take it. In the long run it is about alikewe go up, we come down, we make what is called success or what is called failure; one man is president, anther man is street sweeper. The president sees it as the president sees it, the street sweeper as the street sweeper. It is pretty much of a muchness, all from the point of view. No. I'm about as I

She grew warmer and warmer. "At least," she said, "you are working

He struck one hand against the other. "The same old Matty," he laughed, "al-ways harping on the practical. Yes, I am working now, working on a boat, and I can't swim a stroke. Isn't that just like me? Work! But then I always did work -when I couldnt' help myself. You're thinking I've come down, Matty. But what is up or what is down in this life? the street sweeper, you know. But Γm glad to see you. I didn't think Γd be very welcome. All the semantic street sweeper is a street sweeper. The president and the street sweeper welcome. All the semantic street same to see welcome. welcome. All the same I made up my mind to look you up. You know I always did what I made up my mind to do."

His words seemed to reproach her, or was it his manner?
"I don't say you're not welcome," she something to you."

"No," he took her up, "that wouldn't be your way. You never blamed me when I

he saw it.
"There!" he said. "I didn't mean that. It's my old habit of saying what comes first, the first being easier."

How pretty you look!" She leaned over and kissed Miss Martha. "That's all."

the cutiele.
"Yes, you do mind," he retorted. "I like think that you do. That would be to-morrow if not to-day again," and she of the cuticle.

to think that you do. That would be quite like your old self." I do mind, what then?"

He shifted his position.
"You have changed," he said. "You

He had left the lid off the rose jar. She "I hope," she began, but she did not

He was looking past her, out the win-"How strange it is," he said, "the sight one thing brings up a whole troop of others. All the way down here I thought off and on of looking you up. Then I got to thinking of things connected with you.

I thought of Margy." I thought of Margy."

Miss Martha said not a word, but her
lips spanned a little across her teeth. A
silence fell. He looked out the window.

"Of course," he said, "I know she died reme effort, what happier existence could

a daughter." With a passionate movement Miss Martha threw her sewing on a chair.

would be no intoxicated person on the to speak that way of the poor woman I have been cruel." who, because of your treatment of her, Now she could hear the crunching of the man's heavy boots on the coarse ashes ried a good man, and she lived down a good for me." the Rev. Mr. Mast had had strewn against deal of what she suffered through you. to-morrow's rush for the boat. Such a She left a daughter. Helena is with her le here

"Here!" He slowly moved his eyes in

"Yes" Miss Martha said. "Her father's brother lives here. Helena is the only one I have in the world, and when her mother died it was only natural that I should want to be near her."

"So," he smiled, "that is why you came here to live, to be near Margy's daughter."
Miss Martha was more angry still. She eemed to quiver. She went quite close

"I know what is in your mind," she said the suppressed voice of a woman who is determined that she will not be misunderstood. "You think it spiritless, dumb whipped animal in me to want to be with the child of the woman who re-placed me in the affections of a man. You had asked me to marry you, and Iwas only eighteen-accepted you. Then Margy came, and her beauty made me of white as a woman's. The man looked this no account to you. You acted falsely to and that, a half smile on his face. me, but I gladly let you go. I was not it and strode up to the parlor as your wife made me thankful for what There his eyes rested on those I had escaped and made me feel almost Martha. She noted how lowering guilty of having made her acquainted bloodshot exposure had made his, with you. I greatly admired her second the inevitable contrast to the eyes of husband, and their daughter is like my Mr. Mast's mote her-Mr. Mast's eyes, so own child to me. You were always false, clear in the whites and raised in such a You taught me to be false in that small matter of hiding the cards. The man, looking at her, smiled and taught me to deceive Margy's mother. who gave me a home. You were false Martha had a momentary flash when you used to leap into Margy's parthat she had lived this phase before.

"This is Miss Penfold's," he said. He face your bold, reckless manner, made fraied his arm on the window sill. fools of both Margy and me."

Borland's eyes were once more directed Miss Martha closed her eyes for a sec-to the window, but a deep furrow had come between them. Miss Martha let her I knew you at once," he went on, "You glance fall on the man. Something of ust as I thought I should find you-a | what she took in in that glance made her say: "I didn't mean to make such a fool

"That's all right," he interrupted placid-

'Meaning that I was always a fool?"

"That's about it maybe."
Miss Martha gave a little choke at this comprehensive analysis of her character.
"Maybe you're right," she said. "All the same, I didn't mean to make such a of myself to-day. I haven't thought of those times for years.'

Then there was another silence. Miss you know I lived here-in this Martha grew uncomfortable. "Perhaps," she said, "it was kinder than

thought-your coming to see me."
'I believe I thought more of myself than ration stood out.

of you," he replied frankly. At which she haughed a little. "That almost makes me agree with you

He nodded dryly. "Matty," he said, "seeing you, thinking and I made up my mind to of you, seems to have set a good deal in motion. I suppose I must have been a

scamp in those old times."
"God knows," she replied. "He made "Meaning that I was as I was intend-On the instant there flashed across her

late listened to, wherein man's personal dwelt upon. she answered; "we are intended to make the most of our lives."

"For ourselves or others?" he asked said, "we are surely not making the most

"I suppose you are right," he returned. "At any rate, we won't argue. Sit down, Matty. She at once seated herself, almost as

aughed for a faint perfume passed though she were under the dominion be exerted when she was only eighteen. Suppose Mr. Mast should drop in as he netimes did! Suppose he had thought of something connected with the picuic

"And you never married," Borland was going on. "You were a pretty girl. You must have had offers'

Straighter and straighter she sat. "But I always said," he pursued, "that ou were cut out for a nice little old maid.

Margy and I both used to say that.' grave, but before Miss Martha came the picture of Margy and her first husband liscussing the fate of the young cousin elt revengeful for the first time in her Was she to be powerless in revenge as she had been in her injury?

Borland started.

Who is that?" he asked, sharply. Miss Martha saw the effect of the voice n him, and she had never before thought low like her mother's was Helena's voice. More-Helena was the picture of her

"Come here, dear," she called. Helena burst in like a bit of the outside sunshine. When she saw the strange man there, she stepped back.

Borland was staring at the girl. His hands clasped the arms of the chair he

Can I see you a minute, aunty?" "Can I see you a minute, aunty?" all night," she teld herself. "I should their said. "Gordon wanted me to say think they would have to have two lights Miss Martha rose and went out into the

"Gordon wanted me to say." Helena went back on you even."

This was too much; it was brutal, and the plans for the new house. What magnificent teeth that man in there has! Why, aunty, how bright your eyes are! she said. "I always come at once to tell He wrung one hand with the other with grating sound that told of the density father confessor. I do hope we shall have He wrung one hand with the other with

> When Miss Martha got back to the parler once more, Borland had not changed his position.

"You have changed," he said. "You said, in a sprightly way. "She is soon to marry Gordon Maxwell, you know, Sh. But she had determined to stand while regards me quite as her mother. She calls me aunt, as you heard. She remarked your fine teeth. It was your teeth that made me see something familiar i you when you stood looking in at the window before I knew who you don't think many people ever had such

She had become very cheerful. Borland rose heavily.

You are the cruelest woman," he said He went toward the door. In another minute he would be gone.

'Can't I offer you any refreshments?" He paid no attention, but went on It frightened her, that she used that

once familiar name. He looked at her. "I don't see why you should go like is," she stammered. "I don't see how

"It is so hard for you to be cruel." he

She could have cried out.
"Are you the sorrier for having seen

"I am glad of it," he answered. "Could I have told her you were any-thing but one of the boat hands? Could have told her you were her mother's

first husband?" The possibility that there was some thing you had to tell is what brought me here," he said. He was in the hall.

"Is there nothing you have to tell me?" he asked. "Nothing at all?"

"No," she answered, "nothing." He came back and threw himself into the chair before the table. His hat fell to carred hands that were clasped together on the table

Miss Martha moved softly about the room, arranging and rearranging the things. It was good for him to suffer. When she got to the rose jar, she noise-lessly raised the lid. She told herself she did this every day.

membered him when his father used to give him money which he wasted. She remembered when he gambled and fied

leave him. ful to stick the needle so that it would happy. ot come unthreaded.

She went out into the kitchen and got he had baked for the picnic. When she had come on so nasty.

ame back to the parler, Borland was as he had left him. 'I thought," she said, "you might like

glass of milk. He raised his head.

"That was very kind," he said. ed the cakes on him, he took one and laid it beside the glass on

"I think I'll be going." he said. "I only had an hour off. I'm glad I came."
"I'm glad to hear you say so," Miss
Martha returned, grimly. "I suppose I "It is just as I say, we change very shall see you again some time. The world

a small place, and we go in a circle." Yes," he replied stupidly. faced her. "I am glad you did as you was her-mother's first husband. I am lad you did as you did. I've done wrong a many ways in my time, but I think we pay full price for a good deal of what we do in this world. That's sentiment, I suppose, and I don't look very sentimental, 1?" He looked hungrily into her eyes. "Is there anything you have to tell me-

She shook her head. He laughed, "Well, good-by!" he said. "Good-by!" He went lingeringly from the house, as though he hoped there might be a word from her to cetain him. But the word was not spok en, and he passed out into the sun. His directed toward the Tecumseh.

After that she sewed, but restlessly. She hoped Helena would not come again; she hoped Mr. Mast would stay away: it was almost as though she resented their possible coming. Toward night she told herelf that the morrow would a wearying day and that she would do better to take more than the usual amount of rest. So she went up to ber room. She paused at light of the Tecumseh.

"Was there anything I had to tell him? Margy and he used to talk me over?" She sat down at the window. She rested her head against the window frame. It She cleared her throat.

"If we live for ourselves alone," she aid, "we are surely not making the most her. The sounds in the village close by became less. Raff's tavern let out a cou-ple of roisterers who burst into song and

said that was all the better for a water trip. The ashway was trodden by happy

"I never felt better in all my life," Martha protested.
"I don't believe it," Helen whispered to her lover, "She's afraid I'll be anxious if she owns to the truth. That's the way

"Self-sacrificing," Helen said, giving him a little jab with her parasol. Miss Martha. "I think everything will go finely," he said.

women are."

Miss Martha nodded vaguely. For the irst time she thought that it was rather effeminate in a man to pay so much attention to small details. She hunted up her Sunday-school class. They started at 'clock. By noon they were on the bar. refused to do more than make the world a great opal.

tain, with a sudden, tense look, decided into that, the mist growing heavier, it was eyes. scarcely adding to the pleasure of the party to go much farther. As it was, a fog was forming, and they would not reach home till 8 o'clock.

and Maxwell and two or three other pairs of lovers had nooks to themselves and would have liked it to continue indefi-Miss Martha had been prominent all

day with the congregation. Then her class had given her much to do, it being first of all to of boys, many of whose parents had not all ray life!" come, but intrusted their children to her She was really very tired when late in

the afternoon she went to a side of the boat a little removed from the people. There was a dove in a cage hanging above her. She looked up to it, smiled, and spoke to it, it was so pretty.

mournful sound. The wash of the water was loud. She was hemmed in by the mist. The wind seemed to rise all at once. "The boat will stay at the wharf instead of one on such a night." There was the scraping of a camp stool near her. Mr. Mast had looked for and found

"Miss Penfold," he said, seating himseif beside her, "a picnic is a circus, as some of your boys would say. I don't know how it is with you, but one picnic takes more out of me than delivering four sermons a day, as I have done on one or two occasions.

She made room for him. She knew what this portended, what she had expected, and for which she believed Mr. Mast was sure she was prepared. A little silence fell. They felt the throbbing of the engine. The swash of the water against the side of the boat seemed abrmally loud. The merriment on board had become latermittent or was confined to the saloon, where there was a plano. "Miss Penfold, I think you know in

what light I have long regarded you." It was Mr. Mast's voice. "And you also was Mr. Mast's voice. "And you also know I am a plain-spoken man, whose faults are what they are. You know me very well, and I know you very well. We are a quiet couple, our tastes are in common, the church means a great deal to us. Will you be my wife?"
Miss Martha had supposed tremors on

her side, little irregular heartbeats pre-paratory to placing her hand in his. Now, feeling calm and clear-minded, she turned 'You have done me a great honor." she

"I had expected another answer from you," he said. "I felt that you gave me the right to expect another sort of answer." He rose abruptly and left her. The dove over her head made a mournful sound. All at once a terror seized her. What had she done? She had given up a good man, a man who would have cared for her and protected her. Had she made a mistake? Had he asked her two days ago what would her answer have been? It was an hour after he had gone away before she was restored to calmthe floor; he let his head rest on his rude by some of the women who had underod the intimacy between between her and Mr. Mast, who had seen the short confabulation and wished to ascertain results. But Miss Martha adroitly turned the talk to church matters. When the

> Helena and Maxwell came round to her. "Gordon said yesterday it might be a bad day," Helena said triumphantly, able that I would not go to ask for food "Didn't you, Gordon? And a storm is at the doors of the fine houses that stood coming. There's a drop of rain. Come with their backs to me, looking out to-with us, aunty, and see what a sea is driving toward us."
>
> with their backs to me, looking out to-ward the lane across pretty yards like flower gardens. I had had something to

get to shore by 9 o'clock, but they should

At 8 o'clock it was pitch dark, and wind and wave contended. The boat rose as though it would never come down again, the house opposite me. There were three floors, and I could see quite well in all these porthward rooms for I had dragged and then it sank and shivered. The water those northward rooms, for I had dragged lashed over the sides. One could see the white of it rise out of the blackness like my box upon a knoll across the lane, and white of it rise out of the blackness like so lay nearly as high as the second story. long, fierce fingers grasping at nothing-ness, then slip in oozy stretches over the deck. Nearly everybody was in the saed her, but Miss Martha staid where she Miss was. She sheltered herself from the rain se I under one of the hanging small boats and waited. She believed she had waited all day. And now it was 8 o'clock. There was only one hour more to be on the boat, and as yet she had not seen Borland. For she owned it to herself that that was what she had wanted, what she had waited for-to see him and assure herself that she had not deeply wounded him yesterday when she had been "the night be in it-a life of case and of

cruelest woman in the world." Here she was wth a happy party of peoman of her church, and there he was down in some dismal depth of the boat, maybe a stoker, a blackened workingan, and yet she longed to see him. Was she wished to see him? She had not satishe had occupied. She sat there a long time. As in a dream she ate her dinner.

After that she sewed but the same at the same a for some minutes. There was no throb-

"Fire! The words seemed to burst from a hundred throats at once.

Miss Martha started to her feet At the same moment a man rushed eross the deck as though in search of way. It was Borland.

"I thought of you at once," he said, "There is no danger. You will all get off. I raked out the fires from under the botlers. There will be no explosion. But we have been burning since 3 o'clock. You thought of me first of all," she

fold," he said, "do not be frightened."
"I am not frightened," she answered, "Attend to the others. You, too," she said

ing the timid women and children whom Mr. Mast went and marshaled. The captain did heroic work until he fell and broke his arm, but it was Borland who seemed in control, his name on the

The story of the burning of the Tecum seh and the saving of every soul on board On the boat the Rev. Mr. Mast awaited but one is newspaper history. The story

of a man and woman there is not. Helena, fainting, was carried across the deck by her lover. "Look!" said Miss Martha to the man

beside her. "Take her!"

Borland caught the girl in his arms. A word more would tell him all that he ed, and then, to turn the subject. "Two wished to know, all that he hungered for. Miss Martha spoke the word. in the wondering which of them I'd rather be. The mist had not lightened, and the sun for. Miss Martha spoke the word, in the smoke and confusion, while Maxwell looked for a rope which should bear him and Helena to the boat below, she said, "Kiss At 3 o'clock they were out of sight of land, ould have been sighted in this density, and the Tecumseh was rocking strangely. And at 3 o'clock the caping strangely. And at 3 o'clock the caping strangely. And at 3 o'clock the caping strangely.

"Now, brave woman" said the minister. taking Miss Martha by the arm. The deck was smoking, and a shower of sparks was round them. But Miss Mar-But it was all very cheerful, and Helena tha repulsed him and turned to Borland.

> terday you could not swim." "Dan!" said the captain. Borland lifted her in his arms and carried her to the side of the boat.
> "Dan," she cried, "you thought of me

> first of all to-day! I never forgot you in "Hush!" he said. "I understand, dear girl, and thank you."
> "And, Dan," she hurried on, "you

guessed the truth. Helena is your daughter, born six months after her mother separated from you. Helena does not know, and I promised Margy you should never know. I have broken my promise to her. But I was revengeful yesterday, She seated herself on a camp stool and to her. But I was revengeful yesterday, folded her hands. The dove made a I knew what you wanted me to tell you.

I knew what you wanted me to tell you. I never forgot you—"
He placed his face to hers as he had done to his daughter's.
"Helena shall never know," he said, "and I am so glad—you don't know how glad. Margy will forgive you—poor Margy!" And then Mr. Mast had come up and taken her from him and sild with her down the rope to the crowded shell below, which with his massive strength he pushed away from the larger craft.
"With all your might!" he yelled to the men about him. "Pull, or we shall be swamped when she goes down. Pull!"
"Helena shall never know!" What voice whispered those words? Miss Martha had fallen exhausted across the lap of a wo-

fallen exhausted across the lap of a we

man.

"Helena shall never know!"

She sprang to her feet. On the deck of the huge vessel in the intense light she saw two men.

"The captain is always the last to leave a boat." some one said, "but our captain is lamed. Dan is putting a rope around him." The small beat was making good headway, and was some distance off. "Look!"
Dan, the boat hand, had run a rope un-

der the shoulders of the crippled captain and had swung him over the rail in the wake of the boat that afterward pulled Dan, the boat hand, had spied the dove

Dan, the boat hand, had spied the dove in the cage. He had it down at the rail. He looked over the water. There was a broken sea, the force of the waves, the backward sweep was tremendous even for an expert swimmer to fight against, and one of the watchers in the small boat knew that Borland could not swim.

This watcher was strangely calm. Her eyes were fixed on a man who had done bravely, a man who, a little while back, amid the horror and confusion, had said, "Thank you" to a woman who told him she had never forgotten him, like a gentleman refusing to acknowledge that she told him how dear he had always been to her who failed of a response from him.

"You have done me a great honor," she said, "and I appreciate it. I have expected it, and I have thought it over all day here, all last evening at my window," She touched his hand. "Mr. Mast, let us be friends. It would be hard to be more than that at our time of life anyway."

He understood her, but he jerked his chair away a foot or so.

"Don't be annoyed," she said. "I respect you more than any man I know or have ever known. I shall always so respect you. And I hope you will let me go on beside you in the church work—in any way I can be of service to you. That is all."

He did not reply for awhile. His face was set. Then he spoke:

"I he did not reply for awhile. His face will be a sid and last of all her own name, "Mar—" And then the fire crimsoned over him, the boat dived down. ned over him, the boat dived downward, the flame went out, and the water hissed over the place where the boat had

FROM THE OUTSIDE.

I was without money, food, or shelter but the May evening was tremulous with ess. In that time she had been joined heat, and there was no dew upon the grass, less, I was glad to find a big shallow box women left her, she staid there alone, pano-and a thrill went through all my bones at the sight of such a good bed.

After I had lain down I was so comfort-

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

Margy and neglected her until she had driving toward us."

Hower gardens. I had had something to eat at noon, and the long tramp since eat at noon, and the long tramp since the high something to eat at noon, and the long tramp since eat at noon, and the long t She folded up her sewing, being care-sharply. "Go away, please. Go and be then had worn the hunger out of me. So happy." The captain reported that they might ging for a pillow, and stared out over the edge of the box with weary eyes,

glass of milk and a few of the cakes have to slow down a little, the weather the lighted windows and the people with-It seemed to be a sort of apartment house, and those rooms at the back we not for cooking or eating, but looked like well furnished parlors. Clearly enough the people on the different floors had no concern with the lives above or below them; no more, indeed, than with that of

their chance neighbor of a night, in the bex upon the knoll. At the uppermost window there was a figure in white, reclining in a posture so easy that my first thought was envious I pictured her a young girl, beautiful and admired, with parents who took every care from her mind, with little knowledge of the world and wondrous hopes of what

dreams. A curious fancy came to me that it would be much easier to live a woman's life than a man's. I have always wished to be somebody else-now one and then another-and it came to me, in that moman, and yet she longed to see him. Was it only for what she thought it was that with the girl at the window. Almost imshe wished to see him? She had not satisfactorily answered that question to herself when she was dimly aware that a commotion had been going on round her for some minutes. There was no throb-

cine within her reach. I have a horror of illness; the thought that I had wished to change places with that poor creature, wearing away perhaps with consumption, gave me a start such as one has when one escapes a peril. If I had, indeed, been that girl, I should have been tempted to take the bottle that held

sleeping out of doors upon a eastawity fall to remark this arrow as her mother robe, than the man with a scolding wife; brought them in every night, and she and I suppose such a woman is no hap-pler than she makes others.

While I was amusing myself with these valley a way. Now the girl favored Nahthen drifted away toward town. If Raff's tavern was closing, it must be if o'clock. In that case she had been looking at the She saw Borland and Mr. Mast unchains the walked slowly across the She saw Borland and Mr. Mast unchains came out. He walked slowly across the saw Borland and swinging them the same out. He walked slowly across the law old woman came back Koko said to her father:

"Well, it seems that I shall never have

"Ohio, is it?" he cried. "That's a long

tramp? "but I've got a friend out there who'll look out for me and get me a job. I'm a printer."

waiking, these days." I replied. wait on him when the old woman fell look out for me and get me a job. I'm a printer."

"And you've got no friend nearer than Ohio?" said he. "Well, weti! What do you live on meanwhile?"
"On the hope of getting there alive,"

said I, with a laugh; and he seemed to see "A man can always peg along." he re "if he's really going anywhere. "And getting nearer every day," I add-

There's a sick girl on the top floor-"
"Yes, poor child." said he; "and I guess

into the boat, a look of exultation in his her room in the evening and she plays to eyes. practices for it during the day as much as she can. She's beginning to play wonderfully well."

At this moment a young man who had been writing at a desk in the room on the second floor arose and came to the window, where he paused, and lit a cigar. "That's Mr. Sanford," said my acquaint-ance, whom I judged to be the janitor of the building whose occupants we were dis-cussing. "He owns that house and I

don't know how many others down in the live up here out of the way. Still, his rooms are wonderful; I never saw such furniture; and there's things worth a fortune, from all over the world "What does he do?" I asked.

"He? Oh, he doesn't have to do anv-"And he's been all over the world," said with a sigh for the many fair lands I

should never see. "Why doesn't he travel ome more?" room, mostly alone; but often men come to play cards. He gives them wine by the cart load, and eigars that cost a quarter apiece. In lots of a thousand, Girls come.

apiece, in lots of a thousand. Girls come to see him, too, in the afternoons, and he tell me what I really know?" growled the makes tea for them in a queer bronze bear, thing that used to belong to a prince out So thing that used to belong to a prince out in China or Japan. They don't all drink tea, either; some of 'em drink wine as well So Nahsig went off and did as the bear told him.

Now it happened that old Somgo was as the men. They're stunners, I tell you some of them way up in society, I'm told

s your thumb." Indeed, it seemed to me that I could see flash of light from the man's hand. I one else ever should.

Indeed, it seemed to me that I could see a flash of light from the man's hand. I sat up in my box and looked at him. Instinct had told me that there was some one in that house whom I should envy. We faced each other across the dark; he in his fine dress suit, looking out from his nest of riches; I with my torn clothes, couched in a box by the wayside. "He wouldn't have to walk a thousand miles to find a friend," said I. "He has plenty, I guess," was the reply. "There's so many that it seems to me I never see the same ones twice, either men or women. Helle; Mr. and Mrs. Wayland are having another fuss. They're just like children—quarrel and make up. Look at him now, trying to get hold of her hand. He'll kiss it. I've seen them end their squabbles like that before."

His prophecy proved true. Our friends upon the lowest story had grown tired of quarreling. He kissed her hand, and then her lips; and presently they sat in the broad window-seat together, her head upon his shoulder, while they looked out at the warm, dark, fragrant night.

From above came the sound of the mandelin, in an oid love tune; and many forms of old and young prople appeared near to the invalid, listening. Her mother—as I judged—was stroking her hair, as she played.

The young man on the second floor ceased to look away at the stars. He returned to the content of the stars.

The young man on the second floor ceased to look away at the stars. He returned to his desk and I saw him seal a letter and lay upon it a tin box which he took from a pigeon hole. Then he turned the light low, and walked again to the window where, for a few minutes, his cigar glowed with extraordinary brightness. Suddenly it dropped from his lips; I saw his hand clutch the sash above his head and his right come up to the level of his breast. There sprang out a great reddish yellow flash, in which I saw his face as white as paper.

It must have been a heavy weapon, for the report was very loud. The music

It must have been a heavy weapon, for the report was very loud. The music ceased above. I saw all the people crowd around the invalid as if to shield her from they knew not what. At the lower window the childish married lovers stood with clasped hands, as we two ran across the lane and the garden.

In the midst of quaint luxury brought from many different lands lay the young man dead. The tin box on the desk held some documents of business; the letter under it was addressed to a man in London.

Somgo rose up and put his paw against Nahsig's left elbow and seized the other with his right claws and drew the arrow back to Nahsig's ear. Twin-n-n-n-ng, went the cord, and the arrow shot away faster than the light when it comes over the mountain in the morning after rain; and the wicked bear made off, even with his demon heart unable to look upon what he had done.

For the arrow, going like the sunbeam, was speeding straight for the boxen of

"It is strange." said I, "that there is no other message."
"It seems his friend was farther away
than yours," replied the janitor.

A FILIPINO FAIRY TALE.

TRANSLATED BY HAYDEN CARRUTH It happened a long time ago that there dwelt on the side of the mountain Tongul a man named Nantoneka. Now Nantoneka was a famous hunter and the strong est man in those parts, so that he was very well thought of and much respected He could scale cliffs such as few others dared attempt. But it was in the use of the bow that he far surpassed all others whomsoever. His bow, which was named Ulumeet, meaning the tree trunk, was the stiffest ever known and no other man could make shift to bend it in the very east, But he drew it back till it looked like the new moon, the nock of the arrow touching his ear, which he then sent whistling away like the stems of touce

grass driven before the hurricane. ed for koko, the wind bell, which grows on the mountain and blooms when the rams come. She was the most beautiful creatthan tongue can tell. Her hair was very long and fine, and her eyes just like small suns. Her teeth were also beautiful, and she was as graceful as the young reeds waving by the pool in the moonlight. Of lovers she of course had more than pon her without straightway coming to love her past all reason. Old Nantoneka counted no less than three score who had asked leave to pay court to her, and he declared the thing had become a great (Copyright, 1900. Daily Story Publishing Company.

nuisance.
So one day he went outside his door with Ulumeet in his hand and an arro with a gold tip, and taking his stand he drew the nock of the arrow to his ear. and then it whistled in the wind across a level field before his house farther than any arrow had ever been shot before.

knee against that arrow and land another within three paces of my door shall have Koko for his wife, and none other shall." And his word went forth, and you may well believe that the sixty lovers hung their heads like the wind bells when the

"There, the man who can stand with his

But her father only chuckled again. In truth, it fitted his notions all well enough, since he wanted to keep Koko to

"For my part I think that that arrow which is shot farthest is quite near enough-it can't be over ten paces," wen

"Twenty, twenty," answered the old man. "I measured it. The other side of the sall bush-never nearer." "No doubt he could shoot it nearer, but e is afraid of hitting you as you sit

here," said the girl. "Ho, ho," cried the old man; "I'd like to see him do it.' "Well, twenty is near enough-I'm will ing to throw off the other seventeen swered the girl.

Her words aroused the old man's sus-picions. "Is it Nahsig who shoots that arrow to the bush?" he asked. "How should I know?" answered the "Besides, what do I care? It's my duty to take the husband that my father

"Then you don't care for Nahsig?" "Not in the least." "And he doesn't care for you?"

hooses, like a good daughter

"I suppose not "Then he can't be taking the trouble to

"Of course, he is shooting every day, The truth is that the old man didn't like Nahsig, since he knew that the other himself, and that some day he would It happened the next day that Nahsig

said to himself (for it was really he who was shooting to the sali bush): "Well, it's no use for me to try any longer to plant an arrow within three paces of that old rascal's door. I must get help." So he thing. He's worth a mint o' money, that went to the cave of old Somgo, the bear Now old Somgo was really a denion with mountain to take the form of a very misbetter than he ought to be: but no one "Says he's been everywhere," was the knew this. Nahsig laid the whole case be

"Did you come here for my help or to

just as much in love with Koko as any of the rest of them, but, being only a bear at though I never meddle with other people's the best, and a demon who was no better business. By jingo," he said, suddenly, "I than he should be at the worst, he knew ean see the diamond on his little finger he could never hope to win her. So what sparkle all the way from here! It's big should enter his heart, which was not so much unlike the heart of a devil, but this: that if he could not have her himself no

Well, that same day what should happen but that Koko should say to herself "He's truly the dearest and the hand somest and the best man in the world, bu the truly dearest and the handsomest and the best man in the world can shoot no farther than he can. It seems it would be very proper to get help." she went to a pool hard by and laid the whole case before the head stork of the place and implored assistance. "The matter is simple as eels," answer-

ed the old stork. "I will take my place behind the sail bush and when his arrow comes down swift as the wind. I will catch it in my beak before it strikes the ground and cast it over at your door. Ho, he you did quite right to come to me, quite right. I'm the sharpest creature here-about." For the stork also loved Koko, but having a good heart he was willing to help her. So the stork went and took his place hind the sall bush when old Nantoneka

wasn't looking, and cocked up one eye for the arrow, but with the other on Koko, who stood in front of her door, more beau-tiful than ever before, so that the winds turned from their course in order to tou Nahsig came up toward where the goldtipped arrow stood in the ground. Soon Somgo started out from some bushes an began creeping close behind him so that he could not be seen from old Nantoneka's The young man placed his kne Somgo rose up and put his paw against Nahsig's left elbow and seized the other

was speeding straight for the bosom of Koko, standing there too beautiful to tell Over the old stork it whizzed like light ning. This old grandpa made a mighty leap for it, but his great bill clapped together on itself like the snapping of the bamboo.

The cruel arrow found its mark, and Ko ko fell down as one whom her friends would bear out to the grave. Nahsig had seen what would happen when it was too late. He had thrown fown his bow and followed little less swift than the arrow liself. When he came up and saw the very terrible thing which wa done he stood and cried out: "Nantoneka,

take Ulumeet and shoot me through. The old man leaped up and seized Ulujust then the stork, getting his poor wittogether at last, rushed forward and cried in his own language which they all understood: "Hold," and he seized the arrow in the bosom of Koko and plucked it out, and then snapped off a wind-bell blossom and said: "The koko is her own flower and must love her more than any of us, and clapped it over the wound and the blood was stanched and the girl opened her eyes and sat up. Nahsig rushed and knelt beside her and clasped her

his arms.
"Hah," cried the old man, "why did you "Hah," cried the old man, "why did you never shoot so well before?"
"I have always been afraid to let myself out," said Nahsig.
"But didn't I see old Somgo behind you," asked Nantoneka with a scowl.
"Yes, he tripped me as I drew back the arrow to my ear, otherwise it had gone over the house and harmed no one."
"So they were married, and the old stork came and danced a taol on the green before the house, very awkwardly, and hisbill clattering a good deal; but he meant bill clattering a good deal; but he meant well enough. Then the wedding company went, with Nahsig at the head, and hunt-ed out the bear who was really the demon less good than he should be, and shot him with a flight of arrows like grass stems

POSTAL CLERKS ASSESSED.

Fund of 860.000 Started to Push Classift-New York, June 1.—The Times to-mor-row will publish the following: "In order to secure the passage of a bill in Congress, known as the classifica-

tion bill, every postal cirk in New York. Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco. Pittsburg, and Baltimore, were asked yesterday (Friday) to give \$10 out of the salary he received for the month of May, to be used in pushing the bill. New York City alone has 1,500 clerks, and h as one has when one escapes a peril. If I had, indeed, been that girl, I should have been tempted to take the bottle that held the strongest poisonous drug and drain it to the last dregs.

In the lowest room were a man and a woman quarreling. Of course, I could not hear a word, but it was easy to follow the conversation. It was like a duel with swords, and many a thrust upon each side reached the heart.

I hate to quarrel; if I have hard words with any one, I never wish to see him sgain. I would rather have been myself, sleeping out of doors upon a eastaw.ty robe, than the man with a scolding wife;

New York, June 1.—The greatest equine struggle of the year will take place to-

morrow at the Gravesend track, provided bert and Jean Baraud will race for \$7.00 and untold glory over a mile and a quar-

and untold goory over a mile and a quarter of ground. Both are the highest type of thoroughbreds for their years in training in the United States. Not only are the highest type of thoroughbreds for their years in training in the United States. Not only are the two horses rivals for the honor of chambion, but their two owners. W. C. Whitney and Perry Belmont, are rivals in other ways than ar locus leaders of the turf. It will be a fight of millionaire against willionaire willionaire against willionaire willionaire

She saw Boriand and Mr. Mast unchains.

The morning was misty. The picnickers ing the small boats and swinging them said that was all the better for a water out on the water. She went there, rip. The ashway was trodden by happy "Let me stay here," she said.

She saw Boriand and Mr. Mast unchains came out. He water sowny across the joid woman came out of the said and just as he reached the gate his father: "Well, it seems that I shall never have and up the knoll until he stood beside my a husband at this rate," and she tossed feet that hurried to the Tocumseh Helen stopped at the cottage with her been known as a most timid woman worked alongside of the boat hand with courbut not unkindly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked,
but not unkindly.

"Resting a few minutes," said I, "on my It was said afterward that she who had box. orm of her mame which she had dropped best ago, the insistence that she was as he had been then, that made her say:

or something connected with the pichic feet the and wished to consult with her! Sup-Hele boxe Helena should come! She sat bolt lover. Whe had been then, that made her say: her head and pouted her red lips. "Just so," answered her father, chuck-"Why, auntie," she exclaimed, "have age equal to his, quieting people, preventyou a headache?" overcrowding of the boats, and help- way to Springfield, Ohio."